The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY. | BURLINGTON, VERMONT, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1843. | VOL. XVII....No. 29.

From the Louisville Journal.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The day was declining—the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill;
One tremulous star in the glory of June
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen—
The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesspeake Bay,
While bathed in the moonlight the village was seen
With the church in the distance that stood on the green.
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled,
With their mantle of verdure and blossoms of gold,
And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom at the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gambol'd all day,
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll;
While lightening my heart as I sported along,
With bursts of low laughter, and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air,
And drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng.
For while my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were sinking without;
But birds, waves and zephyrs, were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth, and of love,
Yet the heart glowing rapture that beamed from those eyes
Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its loves unrequitted, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his may I never recall,
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all,
And the souls of a thousand in ecstacy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole,
Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew!
The scenes of His sufferings rose clear on my view—
The cross—the rude cross where He suffered and died;
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side;
The cup of His sorrows—the wormwood and gall!
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall;
The garland of thorns—and the demon-like crews
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail King of the Jews."

He spoke, and it se[illegible] that his statue-like form
Expanded and gl[illegible] his spirit grew warm;
His tone so impa[illegible]d—so melting his air,
As touched with compassion he ended in prayer;
His hands clasped above Him—His blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never His own,
While that mouth where such sweetness ineffable clung,
Still spoke, tho' expression had died on his tongue.

Oh God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal He seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven;
On earth—yet so closely connected with Heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured Him there
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery—a magical art
That thrills like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-startling pause
The eye's sweet expression—that melts, while it awes—
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone—
Oh such was the charm of that eloquent one!
The time is long past—yet how clearly defined
That bay, church, and village, float up on my mind;
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song,
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod,
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet, what visions I see!
The past, the dim past, is the present to me.
I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng:
A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song—
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair—
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
He whispers of Jesus—and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links and connected the whole;
As the dew to the blossom—the bud to the bee—
As the scent to the rose—are those memories to me.
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it gives, is the song I have sung.

AMELIA.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

EXAMPLES OF FEMALE HEROISM.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Talk as you will of the heroic days of Greece and Rome, you may look in vain for brighter examples of human sympathy and sublime self-devotion, than are to be found in the annals of the rude aborigines of our country. And as in all countries, perhaps the brightest of all examples of sympathy and self-sacrifice are met with in the softer sex, so the Indian woman of this country has fully established her claim to this high distinction. Where has the world ever seen a more beautiful and touching instance, than that exhibited in the story of Pocahontas and Capt. John Smith? And where is there a more competent witness to this general character of the sex, than the same gallant Captain himself, travelling as he did through almost the whole civilized world, besides many portions that were barbarous and uncivilized?

The complacent simplicity with which he relates his own experience on this point is delightful.

'My comfort is,' said he, 'that heretofore honourable and virtuous *Ladies*, and comparable but amongst themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in forraine parts I have felt reliefe from that sex. The beauteous lady Tragabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turkes, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable lady Callamata supplied my necesities. In the utmost of many extremities, that blessed Pocahontas, the great king's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life. When I escaped the crueltie of pirates and most furious stormes, a long time alone in a small boat at sea, and driven ashore in France—the good Lady Madam Chanoyes bountiful assisted me.'

In all his wanderings, however, and in all the scenes of his remarkable life, 'blessed Pocahontas,' the young Indian girl of Virginia, was undoubtedly the 'bright particular star,' that attracted his highest admiration and deserved his warmest gratitude. She periled her life more than once in the most devoted and heroic manner to shield Capt. Smith from danger; but the story is too familiar to most readers to need to be dwelt upon.

Another instanse somewhat similar to that of Pocahontas and Capt. Smith, though not rising to so powerful an interest, on account perhaps of the more humble condition of the parties, is recorded of a young Seminole girl, at a much more recent date. It may not be inappropriate to give some of the particulars of this affair, inasmuch as it has not been so widely published and is not so familiar as the case alluded to above.

In the year 1817, the Indians of the Seminole tribe, inhabiting some parts of the territory of Florida, commenced a border warfare upon the inhabitants of Georgia.—Duncan McKrimmon, a militia soldier, who had been stationed at one of the forts, while out one day upon a fishing excursion lost his way in the woods. After wandering about for several days, he was fallen in with and captured by a party of Indians under the prophet Francis. Having taken him to camp and extracted from him what information they could respecting the positions and intentions of the military forces of the whites, they prepared to sacrifice him with the tortures common in savage warfare.

He was bound to a stake, and dry faggots were heaped around him. The savages then formed in circle around his funeral pyre, and danced, and sung, and screamed for several hours together. With one solitary exception, all were rejoicing over their victim and eager to witness the consumation of their tortues. Milly Francis, a young daughter of the prophet, said to be but fifteen years of age, was in the company. She alone partook not of the general joy, she alone joined not in the revelry, but watched the cruel preparations with a saddened countenance and evident pain. When the faggots were about to be fired, and the tomahawk was raised to mutilate the victim, she suddenly rushed before the fatal instrument, and bade the executioner let the blow fall on her, declaring that she would not live if the captive's life were taken.

The executioner, paralyzed with astonishment, delayed to strike; and Milly kneeling to her father, besought him to save the captive's life, in such moving terms, that he at last yielded to her request, and ordered the prisoner to be unbound. While McKrimmon remained with them, Milly continued to show him all the acts of kindness in her power. It was but a few days, however, before the prophet sold him him to the Spaniards at St. Marks for seven gallons and a half of rum.

The sequel to this affair is, if possible, still more beautiful. In the fortune of war, some time afterwards, a party of the Seminoles, being placed in a situation where they must either starve or surrender themselves prisoners to the whites, at last, preferring the latter alternative, came in and gave themselves up. Milly Francis was one of the number. When McKrimmon learned that she was a prisoner, he hastened immediately to find her out, and to do what he could to discharge the obligation he was under to a woman who had placed her own life in imminent jeopardy to preserve his. By making her case known, he had every thing done that could be, to add to her comfort and happiness. And that he might show her the strongest possible evidence of his high sense of the obligation he was under, he offered her his hand in marriage. As if conscious of the feeling which induced the offer, with true dignity of soul, she declined it, telling him that she had done but what she considered a simple act of duty, and said that she did no more for him than she should have done for any other one in like circumstances.

Another striking incident, in some respects parallel to the foregoing, and yet differing in others, occurred in Western New York some fifty or sixty years ago. James Dean was one of the earliest settlers of Westmoreland, Oneida county. He was a native of New England, the son of religious parents, who designed him for a missionary among the Indians. For this purpose he was sent a while, when but eleven years old, to reside among the Indians on the Susquehannah, to learn something of their language, manner, and customs. During his sojourn among these sons of the forest, the wife of one of the head chiefs of the Oneidas, agreeably to the usages of the tribes, adopted him as her son. He afterwards returned to New England and pursued his studies to carry out the intention of his parents.

The breaking out of the revolutionary war however, changed the whole plan of his future life. Instead of going as a missionary among the Indians, he received the appointment of Indian agent with the rank of Major in the army. He performed the duties of this office during the war, residing most of the time in the neighborhood of the Oneidas. After the war was over, the tribe presented him a tract of land in what was afterwards called Westmoreland, upon which he commenced a settlement in 1786. It was a few years after this, that the incident occurred of which we are to speak.

An Indian had been murdered by some white man who escaped detection. Indian usages require, when a murder has been committed and the murderer cannot be detected and punished, that some other individual of the tribe or nation, to whom the murderer belongs, should be selected and taken whereever he could be found, and sacrificed as an atonement for the offence. This is regarded as an imperative duty,—that must under no circumstances be omitted. Accordingly in this case, when all attempts to discover the murderer proved unsuccessful, the chiefs and head men of the nation met in solemn council to discuss the matter and see what must be done.

That some white nan must be made a sacrifice, was readily agreed upon; but who it should be, was a more difficult question to settle. The minds of most of the chiefs seemed to be turned towards Major Dean, as a man of the highest standing and importance any where in that vicinity, and therefore the most suitable to be offered as an atonement for their murdered brother.—Some of the chiefs, however, argued that Mr. Dean was an adopted son of their own tribe, and therefore not accountable to the tribe for the acts of the whites. The debate was long and earnest, and the first day's council broke up without coming to a decision, leaving the subject to be resumed the next day. In the mean time one of the number, who was particularly friendly to Mr. Dean, acquainted him with the nature of the debate in the council.

Surprised and pained at the information, he was at a loss what course to pursue. He had built him a house which he occupied, and he had a wife and two children. To attempt to abandon his house and flee from that part of the country would be almost equal to death; and besides, should he undertake it, the probability that he could escape with his family would be small. He resolved to remain and trust to Providence for a favorable issue in the council. The debate was resumed again the next day, and again he learned from his friend, that the question was still undecided. This delay strengthened his hopes that the debate would terminate in his favor. The council was continued for several days longer without coming to a decision, and he felt more and more assured of his safety.

At last in the dead of night, he was suddenly startled by a death-whoop near his dwelling, which he at once knew to be a warning of his approaching fate. He had hitherto kept the matter entirely from his wife, unwilling to give cause of alarm while he had hopes of escaping. But he now informed her that he believed a party of Indians were approaching the house to take his life, and desired her to remain quiet with the children in their appartment, while he would meet the Indians at the door, and see if he could by any possibility turn them from their purpose.

The party soon came up to the door and entered the outer room. There were eighteen in number, all chiefs and head men of the tribe. After a brief pause, the principle chief gravely informed Mr. Dean of the nature of their errand. He alluded to the recent murder that had been committed on one of their nation, and told him plainly that their council after a long and deliberate discussion had selected him as the most suitable person to be sacrificed as an atonement for the dead and to appease the soul of their departed brother in the land of spirits. They had now come to execute the decree of the council, and he must prepare for immediate death.

Mr. Dean calmly commenced reasoning with them on the subject; urged the wrong it was doing to an honest person to punish him for the acts of the guilty; and that especially, even according to their own laws, it was wrong for them to sacrifice him in this case as he was an adopted son of their own tribe. The chief replied that the whole matter had been discussed a long time and viewed in all its bearings, and that the decree of the council could not be changed. Mr. Dean addressed them again, and enforced his arguments with all the skill he was master of; but still he could see no prospect of making any impression upon them of averting the object of their visit.

In the midst of these arguments, the door suddenly opened, and a squaw with a blanket around her entered the room. She was the wife of the head chief, and she it was who had adopted Mr. Dean as her son in his boyhood. The chiefs looked on with astonishment as she took her station calmly by the door, for no woman was allowed to enter their solemn councils. After a moment's pause the door again opened, and the wife of another of the chiefs came in, similarly attired, and took her station by the side of the former. In a moment more a third came in and took her silent station by the others.

After the surprise occasioned by this strange occurrence had a little subsided, the head chief rebuked the women for coming to the solemn council, and bade them retire and leave the chiefs to pursue their business.—The first squaw replied firmly, that the council must change its decision. The blood of the white man must not be shed; he was her adopted son, and they must let him alone and not harm him. The chiefs with a more imperious tone bade them begone, for the council knew its own business. At once the three women threw their blankets from their shoulders, and each held in her clenched hand a long sharp knife, and each solemnly declared to the council, that if the least harm was offered to the white man, they would plunge the knives into their own hearts.

The effect was electric. The council regarded the strange scene as an indication of the will of the Great Spirit. They immediately came to the decision to reverse their former decree, and the white man's life was spared. Mr. Dean continued to occupy his dwelling in peace and safety, and lived to an advanced age an inhabitant of Westmoreland, where he died in eighteen hundred and thirty-two.

Who can beat this.—A correspondent of the Eastern Sentinel boasts thus: As I have often read in the papers of great men being praised for their great deeds, &c. I think I have a right to tell you what I done. First—I was five years a teamster; three years a constable; nine years Justice of the Peace; seventeen summers I was lime burner; nineteen winters I taught school; twenty-seven years a commissioned officer, from Leiut. to Major, thirteen years I was Lock-tender on the Lehigh Canal, Lock No. 46; and I am father of sixteen children—namely, ten sons and six daughters; and the rest of my story is, that I have quit drinking liquor. I was born in 1789. My name is Hope, and I have faith, and show charity.

Newspaper Law.—In case of a suit for fraud, the Georgia courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or going away and leaving it uncalled for, *until all arrearages are paid, is prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day;
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet love!
Good she was and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, for evermore—
For ever—evermore!

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

As sung by Mr. Gough, at the Exchange Hall, Portland, Maine.

Air—"*Long, long ago.*"

Where are the friends that to me were so dear?
Long, long ago—long, long ago.
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer?
Long, long ago—long ago.
Friends that I loved, in the grave are laid low—
Hopes that I cherished, have fled from me now—
I am degraded, for rum was my foe,
Long, long ago—long ago.

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—
Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead—
She was an angel—my love, and my guide—
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor broken heart, it was that she died,
Long, long ago—long ago.

Let me look back on the days of my youth—
I was no stranger to virtue and truth;
Oh, for the hopes that were as pure as the day!
Oh, for the loves that were purer than they!
Oh, for the hours that I squandered away!
Long, long ago—long ago.

A Midnight Appeal.—We were awakened from our sleep on Sunday night about 11 o'clock by the rapping of a little boy about ten years; we arose and went to the window and asked him what he wanted. Can you tell me where I will find a watchman, sir! What do you want of a watchman! asked we. There is a man at our house, he replied, who is drunk, and mother if afraid of him. Who is the man, and what is he doing to your mother? we asked. After a good deal of hesitation, mingled with half-suppressed sobs, the little fellow finally burst into tears when he reluctantly felt himself forced to tell the sorrowful truth. "*Father is drunk, and is beating mother, and has driven us out of doors; and mother is shivering out in the porch, and he wont let her in, and she is afraid of him.*" We gave the little fellow directions where he could procure prompt aid, and on our sleepless pillow, deeply pitied that wife and mother and son who were themselves forced by a father's brutality—by the curse of drunkardness—to seek to have him, their husband and father, dragged from them to a felon's cell! Bitter were these reflections, and a sad and sleepless pillow during that hour, was ours.

Poor mother! we thought of the bridal hour, when she gave herself and her happiness into the keeping of that husband, who in the presence of his God, vowed eternal love and affection unto her!—*Memphis, Tenn. Eagle.*

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

BURLINGTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

BY CHARLES HALL, M. D.

My Respected Audience:

In contemplating the vicissitudes of nature and taking into view the fatal evils that surround us, a careful observer will perceive, while he notices the order in which they succeed each other, the natural demand there is made upon himself for the exercise of both his mental and corporeal powers—and in as much as these changes in the universe are not the offspring of incoherent chance, but the result of systematic arrangement, they must be considered as acting singly or in their combined force, upon every organized being—promoting health when the vital phenomina are in accordance with nature's laws, and inducing sickness and death, when this harmony has been disturbed or broken by artificial causes. This subject so vitally important to the well being of man, tends to impress every individual of the human race, with the necessity there is on his part, for diligent and patient inquiry into the various external influences, by which he may secure the blessings so bountifully provided, and escape the evils of our own procuring.

In accordance with this principle therefore, and in obedience to your appointment I come before you at this time, to utter a few sentences on the important subject of *Temperance Reform*; a subject about which you have heard much from the life of others more competent than myself, to interest you, and one too, that has for the last twelve years or more, engaged public attention generally, as being productive of much good in all classes of society, and so regarded now by a large portion of community—yet from present indications, it is found that the general effort to this end, is somewhat paralyzed, the work remaining stationary if not retrograded, and the baccanalian devotee returning more freely to his cups irrespective of public opinion—elsewhere do we see such practical demonstrations of an opposing effort in the revival of dram drinking and in the brutal exhibitions of the drunkard? If others more able have failed to keep up progressive movement of a work so desirable—if such results I say have succeeded such laudable endeavors it were better perhaps to leave what I have to say, unsaid. I will not therefore dwell on the hackneyed topic of drunkenness nor the dire effects of intoxication. It is not necessary, I apprehend, to reportray the disgusting features of the drunkard, and you need not again be told of the all powerful influence of public sentiment in regulating society in this respect, for the very evil of which we complain is acknowledged and condemned by those who aid or practice the aggression. Suffice it for the present purpose, that we take another view of the subject. This brings me to the question proposed by our worthy friend Mr. Adams. "Do other evils aside from intoxication, result from the drinking of alcoholic liquors?"

That there are other ill effects resulting from the internal use of alcohol aside from its intoxicating effect is manifested by the countless ills attending the tippler contrasted with the providential blessings inherited by the man of abstenence and sober habits. Let it be remarked that those persons enjoying the best health are those most abstemeous in the use of alcoholic beverage, and those having the most ill health are such as are most profuse in the use of this beverage, repeatedly resorting to the glass to cure its previous ill effects and in effect endorsing the homopathean theory that the hair of the dog that had bitten, was necessary to cure the bite, and herein I apprehend lies its greatest efficacy. And that alcohol is not requisite to sustain health let it also be observed, that the beverage which nature requires is naturally pleasant to the taste, and such as she refuses as unfit for the sustenence of the body is unpalatable. The natural taste and craving of the stomach therefore consitute the true guide to the necessary drink, as well as the suitable regimen. Now I venture to assert that all acolholic drinks are at first unpleasant to the taste, indeed this is affirmed by the drunkard, even it is their exilerating influence that is at first sought for, requiring a long course of dram drinking before the natural relish becomes changed so as to crave or even endure the poisonous draught. This is like opium or tobacco requiring unmitigated practice in their use, before they become sweet in the mouth. On the contrary rnatue's beverage is at *first sweet*, and tends not to produce that preternatural excitation in the system which follows the drinking of ardent spirits, when sufficient is taken to allay the thirst and eliminate the juices of the body, no more is called for—not so with spiritous potations, when those are resorted to in debility, to raise the standard of health which had perhaps been lowered by their previous exhausting, effects the relish thus acquired for them instead of being satiated is augmented, demanding immediate repetition of the draught to satisfy the unconquerable desire, and this only increases the craving and establishes an impression counter to that induced in allaying natural thirst with good cold water.

This unsatisfied craving moreover, is often engendered when spirits are administered as a restorative after fevers, and this in after life, not unlike the appetite created by opium, demands a continual increase in the quantity to bring about its previous happy result a state not widely differing from the enjoyment of the idiot, for the fool is happy that he knows no more. Thus the deluded toper is led on step by step by this factitious appetite, not to the slaking of his thirst, but to disease and ruin.

When ardent spirits were considered as an integral part of aliment, drinking was then deemed conducive to both health and enjoyment, but how widely different is the present estimation of their use. It is now known from practical experience as well as observation that so far from sustaining health they are absolutely prejudicial to both animal and organic life.

Alcohol it is true, affords a very convenient solvent for many of the gums such as camphor, opum and the like, is often more ready at hand than other stimulents and its internal use is frequently followed in cases of sudden exhaustion by the resuscitation of the exhausted powers, nevertheless, if its theraputic effects in this respect have lain the substrtum to depraved appetites and formed the propensity for the future drunkard, we have just reason for deploring its administration though it may have saved life, especially as there are abundant substitutes for it in other remedial agents.

To the questions which may be asked what are the poisonous effects of which you complain so detrimental to the human system? If ardent spirits are taken in moderate quantities what can be the harm, so long as the very bread we eat contains alcohol? We would reply that alcohol in its uncombined state produces as a beverage unnatural excitation of the capillary vessels of mucous membranes, the parts to which it first comes in contact when drunken, thence it is absorbed into the circulation of the blood, thereby the secretions and vital powers become deranged, the brain and nervous system being overtaxed, exhaustion follows consequently apoplexy, palsy, delirium tremens and other physical sufferings are the natural results. All this may take place not from preceeding intoxication alone but from habitual tippling in small quantities also. Indeed, I consider a continued course of dram drunking, however small in quantity, more prejudicial to health than occasional fits of drunkenness for in these the system is usually more or less expurgated for the time, of the unwelcome intruder; and in the interim, the functions of life recover their lost and nomial state and for a while dame nature's joys are in tone again. Not so with the habitual dram drinker, instead of this depurative process the deranged action continues, a predisposition to disease is insidiously formed and is perpetually increasing until nature is brought to a stand, and the day of reckoning comes. We know say our querist there is a day of reckoning for the liquor we drink which to be sure amounts to quite a large sum, but what has this to do with the question? We would rather have you explain the modus operandi as they call it or the manner of its operating in the system in which these poisonous affects of which you speak are produced. Most happily will I undertake this difficult task, though it is driving me almost beyond soundings. In order to do this, I must resort for a few moments to modern physiology and pathology to aid me in the undertaking. It is affirmed that the animal organism must be nourished and sustained by highly organized attoms, or parts of other organisms. No part of an organized being will serve as food for the vegetable until by putrification and decay it has assumed the power of inorganic matter. Every thing in animal organism to which the term motion may be applied proceeds from the nervous apparatus. Animals therefore, are distinguished from vegetables by their nervous system and faculty of loco-motion. Plants being destitute of thi nservous system depend on external heat and light for that latent motion, so to speak which constitutes the circulation of their sap. Thus the assimulation of their food, formation and growth depend entirely on external causes. The animal body can produce in itself that source of mation that is, supply and renew the nervous apparatus as well as generate the nervous power, which is indispensible to the vital process, but the process of formotion and growth is the same in both, although the vegetable does not depend on nervous power for its formation and growth, the same may be said in regard to the process of circulation & nutrition in the animal, that is the passage of matter secretion by aid of the vital process, to a state of rest, for these functions continue in parts when the nerves have become totally paralysed as well as in their normal state—and although the animal body requires for its nourishment food that is assimulated to itself, and that digestion, secretion and circulation are under the influence of nervous power, yet the force that gives the wonderful properties observed in the gem, the leaf and the radical fibres of the vegetable, is the same as that residing in the secreting membranes and glands of the animal which enables its organs to preform their own proper functions, but the heat generated keep up these various functions in the animal proceeds from a very different source. This depends not only on vital power, but on the mutual chemical union between the elements of food taken into the circulation and the oxygen inspired by the lungs as well as that contained in our food, and conveyed by the circulation of the blood to every part of the animal body. Thus the chemical affinities analytical and synthetical results which take effect between these elements and the oxygen cannot be perfect without a disengagement of heat, as well as the formation of other vital results. Any foreign agency or impurity on either side must necessarily interrupt more or less this chemical union and destroy that equilibrium of action on which the phenomina of life depend, Without the vital influence and chemical union therefore, the vegetable life alone is manifested as in a paralysed portion of the body. Thus it follows *a-priori* that in proportion as this proper balance of action is interrupted or rendered imperfect, a predisposition to disease is engendered.

Now to the question. It is apparent, simply from the effects consequent upon drinking alcoholic liquors that the vital functions have becama both impaired and interrupted. The preternatural excitation in the mucous membranes occasions of course, a preternatural absorption not only of the impure elements of imperfect digestion, but of the alcohol itself, thereby augmenting the amount of elementary particles and overdrawing upon the vital power, total or partial exhaustion succeeds. Hence the chemical union between the oxygen and the carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur phosphorus and the other elementary principles of assimulation becomes deranged and noxious residues are preternaturally formed-properties which in the healthy performance of the functions, are passed out of the body by the process of deperation, through the medium of the lungs, skin and other emunctories, as prejudicial to organic life, but owing to this derangement are not only increased in quantity but in a greater or less degree, retained in the system. Thus the carbonic acid, the halitus of the hydrogen, lythate of ammonia, sulphurated hydrogen phosphoric acid and other impurities which should be passed off, are deposited within inducing a corresponding hindrance to the healthy functions of organization. Under these circumstances, malarious influence, and other external causes find an easy access to the vitiated and enfeebled organs, through the same medium. the mucous membranes by which the primary assailing cause, the enebriating draught found entrance. These parts moreover being more impregnable by the alcohol, by reason of their greater vascularity and their surfaces being partially or wholly, destitute of nerves, thence their delicate lining is the more easily detached leaving the subjacent vascular structure painfully exposed. Thus the capilaries become engorged with blood, a burning sensation is produced, and morbid secretions are developed generally. Hence the healthy functions which serve as nature's guards against the entrance of pestiferans agents, are not adequate under the circumstances to keep out infections principles. These extreme vessels, moreover, already irritated and enfeebled by a long course of artificial stimuli, become at length immensely injected with blood; and the affection, ever tending to the surface of the body by the natural repulsive energies of the system, is sooner or later transfered to the skin in the form of Erysipelas rum blotches or a red nose; unless this is precluded by worse maladies forming within the body such as schizzhus affections of the stomach and liver, dropsies, assifications, consumptions &c.

In regard to the nervous power, I would briefly remark that there are various speculative opinions entertained; but none render it positive what this occult and unseen principle is, how it is propagated or reproduced. The most probable conjecture is, that it proceeds from the blood, by a process peculiar to its destined organs, like other parts of the animal body by their appropriate organs. Indeed, this idea is sustained by his Liebig and others as well as prof. Miller who has written an article on the subject, claiming the originality of this opinion. If the fact be established that this power is generated and regenerated from the blood—then there is no wonder why it should be so soon exhausted and prostrated by the absorption or imbibition of alcohol. Be this as it may—the effect produced will justify the conclusion that the nervous energy whatever it may be, is directly wrought upon by the inebriation, and more or less overpowered by the intoxicating draught. The tremulous motion and loss of tone in the voluntary muscles—the somnolency and stupefaction which shortly succeed, afford positive evidence that the organs which originate and convey the power, are those which are primarily affected by the drinking of alcoholic liquors and those on which voluntary motion depends. We are content therefore, with judging of this power by the results produced—deducing causes from their immediate or remote effects—for as in animal magnetism, about which we have heard and seen so much, and, under the irresistable conviction of its truth, from its wonderful results, having our minds often vexed not being able to define its wherefores or whereabouts, have contented ourselves with merely referring it to the nervous apparatus. So in regard to the nervous power, in the question before us, we are obliged to adopt this mode of induction, in accounting for the wonderful effects of alcoholic drinks upon it, thus identifying the two marvelous nonentities as it were—by refering them both to the same source.—The organs of deposit and conveyance, so to speak, which contain this wonderful principle, in either case, we are content to term the brain spinal marrow, nervous centres and nerves, and their powers, the cerebral intellectual, sympathetic and nervous powers.

The next enquiry which presents itself is whether or not alcohol is contained in the food we eat. It is true that the bread stuffs and some other articles of regimen are productive by distilation of alcoholic results implying a contradiction to the premises here laid down, and the inference drawn, that alcohol is injurious to health, and therefore ought not to be drunken, it nevertheless remains to be shewn that our position is well founded.

There are laws in the animal economy as well as in synthetic phylosophy, which preside over the various functions that set apart from the elementary mass qualities that did not primarily exist in the materials from which they were formed—such as saliva, gastric juice, bile and the various other results of secretion. So in the analytical and synthetic results in chemical mixtures, results which had no existence in the component parts of these mixtures, such as the hydrogen gas, the carbonic acid gas, &c. No one will contend that these gases existed in either of the materials from which they were given off. The iron filings certainly did not contain the hydrogen gas, nor did the diluted sulphuric acid, neither did the super carbonate of soda or the tartaric acid contain the carbonic acid gas, yet in their chemical union, that is the oxygen of the acids uniting with its bases, the hydrogen and carbon, these gasses escape. How far the analogy will apply to the distilation of grain or potatoes, is difficult to diserne, how much or what sort of chemical action takes place in the process of fermentation in the mixtures for distillation to create a new substance, we pretend not to know, but certain it is that alcohol escapes in the process of distillation in the form of vapour, and by the union of this vapour condensed in the form of alcohol with oxygen, it is concerted into vinegar, which fluid contains no alcohol. Thus heat extracts or evaporates the alcohol from the mixtures and oxygen annihilates it or changes its nature in forming the acetous acid. Hence, whatever inherent spirit the bread stuffs contain in the raw materials is, to say the least, dissipated in the operation of cooking by the agency of heat; and to strengthen this fact we would further observe that there are certain vegetables which in their raw state possess a poisonous quality, bearing a striking analogy to the fluid extract termed by way of eminence alcohol, such as the Yuca, the roots of which forming the Indian cussava bread, and the potatoe, roots highly excellent, to be sure, after the process of cooking, but the water in which they are boiled is impregnated with a poisonous quality—the former a deadly poison. May not this be identified with the spirit contained in the bread stuffs and potatoes we eat, which escapes by the agency of heat in boiling or baking? Were it indeed true that an alcoholic quality still remains in these ingredients after the performance of cooking, its state of combination with the farinaceous matter, renders it altogether a different thing from its free state and produces entirely a different effect from its isolated operation.

There is another point of view in which we would present the subject of habitual dram drinking to illustrate its poisonous results upon man. It is a well known truth that the last and best work of creation—the female—is far less liable to drink spirituous liquors than the male. It has from time immemorial been considered derogatory to the female character, as well as our own, for ladies to get disguised with liquor. And the influence of this sentiment has, no doubt, deterred this favored class from the habitual use of alcoholic potations. To this fact we may impute the difference in the relative number of deaths in the two sexes, as presented in the statistics and the bills of mortality, not only of our own country, but from the nations of Europe. It has been ascertained beyond contradiction, by these reports, that from one to ten years of age, there is an excess of males living—from this period to thirty the excess is in favor of the females—from thirty to forty this excess is somewhat diminished—but from forty upwards it is greatly increased. If this difference of mortality is not owing to the difference of dram drinking in the two classes we know not how to account for it, for certainly it is not attributable to a more hardy constitution of the female, nor to a greater exposure of the male to the common ills of life. The female structure being more delicate and of frailer texture, she is of course as liable to fatal contingencies as the other sex.—How seldom do we see a female intoxicated, and when we do how disgusting is the spectacle. Were the same impression made upon the female with respect to this frailty in man so as to avert the face and turn a deaf ear to the loathsome dronkard, until a radical and thorough reformation is effected, it would do more to reform society than all other influences put together.

But the fact is, the offence of tippling is viewed in a different light from other offences. Others seem to carry with them an immediate corrective or repellant force. A natural impulse appears to be implanted in the human breast which tends to defend mankind against every other aggression. The proportion holds in regard to communities as well as individuals and why should the principle be less extended to the offence of intemperance than to the other invasions of our inherent rights? When a personal assault is given, a repellant power is at once called into active operation—when a murder a theft, or a robbery is committed, the public mind is on the alert in recovering the property and avenging the crime.

When a portion of community conceives its constitutional rights invaded, whether real or imaginary with what electric influence does this principle pervade the mass. The first dawning of an attempt to resist the execution of the laws by a section of the nation, is met by the public authorities, with promptitude and decision. Any manifestation, in short, for or against a particular interest, whereby one section of the country is to be benefitted at the expense of another, suddenly calls forth the most anxious and jealous inquiries. If an invasion is threatened by a foreign foe, thousands come forth as by one consent to defend our soil—nay, if a section of the world not our own is oppressed and struggles for freedom the sympathies of the people are speedily engaged and spontaneous assistance is rendered.

Thus it is perceived and made apparent that it is not congenial with our natures to brook offences; yet paradoxical as it may appear the worst of all offences, that of intemperance, is viewed with comparative indifference, an offence, the primary cause of almost every outrage and the prime mover of nine tenths of the crimes. Why should not that which engenders the disposition to commit wrong excite as much interest as the commission itself, and enlist an equal share of the public sympathies;—much smaller offences have led to bloodshed and war.

The causes which led to our Revolutionary war and roused our fathers to resist oppression—causes that united in one common interest the energies of the nation, pledging property, honor and life itself in the successful issue of the struggle, will not bear comparison with the multiform evils of intemperance. Is it assuming too much in thus contrasting the brutal offences resulting from dram drinking with those exactions of our mother country to resist which a nation sprang into being? Just turn to the Declaration of our Independence and what do we find there represented as grievous as the fatal results of alcoholic drinks, and what enemies are presented among the Anglo-Saxons of other days equal to these? Yet, what untiring zeal, what hardships and sufferings were encountered in avenging wrongs and freeing this country from her foreign allegiance. It is feared, notwithstanding, that the enemy of which we complain, will not be dispossessed at as cheap a rate. Yet we ask not the pledge of life or property, nor the sacrifice of ease or domestic enjoyment, nor men in hostile array to vanquish this potent enemy of all good. The only pledge which will secure these blessings is comprehended in this simple resolution, that we will neither handle nor taste the poisonous cup.

Again we would urge, that the slaves to the rum bottles ought to excite as much commisseration as our African slaves. Is there any kind of slavery more to be deprecated than baccanalian bondage? The emancipation of African slavery is at present a topic of absorbing interest, and one that has justly taken possession of the public mind, yet however much this is to be desired, there is no good reason why it should take precedence of the emancipation of a worse species of slavery.

The African slave enjoys more real liberty, more peace of mind, is better fed, better clad, has better health and fewer wants than the degraded rum toper. He is more servilely under the yoke of slavery and subject to the lash of a more relentless task master than any negro in christendom. We would not turn the tide of this feeling in regard to slave emancipation, but we ask only an equal share of the public sympathies in favor of temperance reform.

But is there not other species of intemperance which requires to be reformed? We admit that there is intemperance in eating as well as drinking—and that there is scarcely any thing more hurtful to the enjoyment of health than immoderate eating, besides it affords a pretext for the drinking of spiritous liquors as necessary adjuvants in disposing of the enormous mass of food consumed by the gormandizer. From the extraordinary excitation occasioned by such repletion also, the nervous system becomes in a measure exhausted, thence obesity and other enlargements of the organs follow, requiring in a short time an abdominal supporter to keep the organs in place. A more abstemeous mode of living both in eating and drinking would, we opine, give a much better support to the abdominal viscera. It is astonishing how much pains mankind take to make themselves uncomfortable. Plentiful stores must be provided for luxurious living, the house must be double windowed and all the cracks filled in with cotton, the air in every room must be heated by stoves and the windows doubly curtained. Thus housed and the atmosphere thus rarified, the inmates, to be sure, are thoroughly warmed but what is of more importance, they are deprived in a greater or less degree of that atmospheric principle on which respiration depends. The system feels the deficiency, the persons move about through the day in search of rest but find none, not suspecting the cause of their uneasiness, but fancying they have taken *cold*. At evening herb drinks and pedeluvian are held in requisition—the doors are barred—the curtains drawn and the miserable sufferers retire to rest, but do they rest? They change position repeatedly and pant in vain for the breath of life, until nature is overpowered, when at length they sink into a sort of pertubed slumber or mesmeric sleep. They rise late in the morning with head ache and eyes suffused, complain that they had no sleep until the cool of the morning (the only time for nature to supply the deficiency) and imagining themselves by this time really sick. With this kind of incubus preying upon the vital organs they go to breakfast. The nervous system being unrefreshed and the function of digestion impaired, the stomach loathes every thing though the choicest dainties are placed upon their table, finally they take a cup of strong coffee to renew their relish; but the effect they finds is not unlike that of alcohol, its poisonous influence is excited, upon the brain and nervous system—vertigo and false vision are produced. Thus the brain the faithful regulator of both mind and matter is at length brought to a stand.—The muscles of volition cease to perform their accustomed functions, loco-motion fails, the lower extremities no longer sustain the superincumbent weight, the balance of the body is lost, and it finally falls to the floor with general or partial paralysis. Panaceas, sanatives and hot drops are next vainly resorted to, all this time neglecting the only curative means, that is, to breathe a free and pure atmosphere and copy the injunction entailed upon the human race, by the disobedience of our first parents, to procure and eat our bread in the sweat of our faces, thereby live to a good old age.